

Rowena Rides the Rumble

By ETHEL HUESTON

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

Rackruff Motors hire Rowena to accompany Peter on a nation-wide tour in their roadster as an advertising stunt. At the last minute Little Bobby is engaged to act as chaperon. A few miles out Bobby becomes tearful at being parted from her sweetheart and Rowena insists on taking her place in the rumble so that she can ride with Peter and have him to talk about Carter. Rowena gets Peter to consent to divide the expense money each week as soon as it arrives, and astonishes Peter by eating too economically.

The three tourists reach Denver, after passing thru Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis. Peter and Rowena have many tips on the way while Carter keeps wiring Bobby to return to New York. The morning after they reach Denver, Peter and Rowena discover Bobby has deserted them and returned to New York by train. They are faced with the impossible condition of continuing their trip without a chaperon.

Rowena suggests to Peter that they make a "companionate" marriage. They are married and go to Cheyenne, where their actions, when they ask for rooms on separate floors, arouses the suspicions of the hotel clerk. They finally succeed in getting rooms, but not without exciting the laughter of the hotel loungers.

They resume the trip the next day and are overwhelmed by a cloud-burst in an arroyo and are thrown out of the car. A party of tourist campers gives them dry clothes and food. Spokane is finally reached and the hotel clerk smiles when they register.

Now go on with the story—

He retired to an inner office and came back immediately with the manager of the house. The manager beamed upon them. He held out his hand, held out both hands, and his smile set his rosy face aglow. Rowena and Peter had their own opinions of hotel managers and accepted his friendly overtures with watchful coldness.

"Meeker's my name," said the manager genially, "and I'm proud to meet you."

They all shook hands and Rowena nudged Peter to be very careful and not commit himself.

"Come right along with me," said Mr. Meeker. "We had a wire from the company not two hours ago saying you would be in today without fail. But I must say it is a relief to have you right here on the spot."

They all got into the elevator. The boy at the control smiled at them—a friendly smile. They got out on the fourth floor. A couple of maids were loitering in the corridor. Their faces lighted up with interest and attention.

"Everything ready?" asked the hotel manager anxiously. "Everything all right, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said one of the maids.

"Yes, indeed, sir," added the other.

But they looked at Rowena and Peter.

The manager led the way down the corridor.

"Here you are folks," he announced in a voice of happy triumph as he threw open the door. "Our bridal suite!"

"Oh, look, Rowena! Isn't that nice?" said Peter fatuously.

"How lovely!" said Rowena faintly.

The bridal suite was a bower of roses. There was a heap of congratulatory letters and telegrams piled high on the table and several conspicuous packages, wrapped in tissue and tied with ribbons, with gift cards prominently displayed.

"Congratulations, folks," said the manager, beaming rosy from one to the other. "Best wishes of Spokane, Washington. Not bad, eh? Pretty fair!—Well, the company wired us to spare no expense and send them the bill, and I guess we filled the order. We tried to, anyhow. Cigars, cigarettes, candy—and what-not. And—this with a truly impressive double-jointed bow which included them both—a little souvenir from the hotel, at our own expense, for we are honored to have you stop with us."

The little present, which he selected from the group on the table and handed to Rowena, who opened it with trembling fingers, and an air of owl-like gravity, proved to be an immense silver cocktail shaker, suitably engraved.

"Out here, we're dry," said Mr. Meeker with a sly wink. "But, oh, you New Yorkers!—Compliments of the hotel, and congratulations," he added happily.

He and Peter shook hands, Peter very solemn, Mr. Meeker perspiring and jovial.

"Guess there's no harm in kissing the bride, eh?" said the manager, with a playful dig of a sharp elbow into Peter's ribs. "It's a custom I don't think much of, as a usual thing, but brides don't often come as pretty as this one."

Rowena obligingly lifted her lovely lips, and Mr. Meeker kissed her with resounding relish.

"Now I'll tell you what the program is," he said cheerfully. "The local Rackruff dealer is going to give a big dinner dance in our ballroom

tonight—especially in your honor—well affair. They've invited all the Rackruff dealers and salesmen in the state, and they say a couple flew in from Oregon this morning on purpose to attend. It's to be a formal, full-dress affair, with souvenirs for the ladies and what-not. And this afternoon at four o'clock they're giving an open reception to the city in their public salesrooms, with afternoon tea and a band, and they've got a car all decorated up like a wedding for you two to sit in and receive the guests. And they're going to present the bride with orange blossoms sent us by aeroplane from California this morning, and a cigarette lighter for you, Mr. Blande, with a picture of the Rackruff roadster set on it in pearls. I've seen it myself and it's a beauty, but it wasn't working the day it came and they had to send it back to the factory."

"How extremely kind," said Peter. "How perfectly sweet," said Rowena.

"Of course, you both being famous characters, authors and artists, all of our best people will turn out for it, and I understand most of our good clubs plan to be there en masse. The Rackruff dealers are all in a sweat over it and say it's the best break they've had since the war when the Army used a lot of their machines in France. They're coming for you at three-thirty. Look. This little floral offering here came from them. Pretty nice, eh? We're going to borrow it tonight if you don't mind, to put down behind the orchestra in the ballroom. Pretty nifty!"

The little floral offering was an immense ring of yellow roses, with the words "Peter and Rowena" spelled out on the inner side in scarlet rosebuds.

"How marvelous," said Rowena soberly.

"How unusual!" added Peter.

"Now unless I'm going to leave you folks to rest and clean up for the big doings," said Mr. Meeker. "If there's anything you want, you just ask for it. If we haven't got it, we'll get it. And it won't cost you a cent. Well, guess I'll just kiss the bride and be on my way."

"You did kiss the bride," Peter reminded him.

"Well, I'm partial to brides and I give good measure. It's a rule of the house," he said jovially.

And once more Rowena tilted her owl-like solemn face to be kissed.

When he had gone, and the door was closed and locked behind him, Peter looked at Rowena. Rowena looked at Peter. Both gazed in solemn stupefaction around the flower-laden room.

"Of all the damned impositions," he began.

But to his surprise a sudden ripple of smiles drove the owl-like gravity from Rowena's face. Laughter gurgled in her throat and burst from her lips in delighted peals.

"Peter, Peter!" she cried. "Isn't it priceless? Isn't it perfect? Darling, tho I die tomorrow, I can say I had my moment!—Peter, look at the wedding-ring in yellow roses! 'Peter and Rowena.'—Look at the little Cupids kissing on the candy box!—Oh, here are sarcastic telegrams from all my ex-boy-friends—And Buddy, too," she added uneasily. "I suppose I should have warned him. How do you suppose they all found out?"

"Oh, I suppose those idiots put it in the papers," growled Peter. "Naturally they would try to sell cars at the expense of our feelings. We might have known they'd commercialize us to the last ditch."

"Oh, Peter, isn't it the corkiest day of your life? When Mr. Meeker, God rest his soul, stood there pointing things out, I kept telling myself, 'Don't die, don't you dare die of ecstasy until you see this thing thru!'"

"You're an odd sort," said Peter moodily. "I thought you would be wild."

"Wild? Certainly not! Except with sheer delight. Why, Peter, this is just an accident. Accidents never make me mad. Oh, look, here's a present from Racky and Ruffy—a great big one.—Cut the string, Peter—break it—I can't wait!"

"Peter broke the string. The present from Messrs. Rack and Ruff, and doubtless charged against dividends, was a complete service of solid silver for the well-laid table. Rowena was a little awed at its completeness and its obvious expensiveness."

"Goash, Peter, whatever will we do with it?"

"Give it back," he said stiffly.

"Can't. It isn't good form. Even in a divorce it's bad manners to return your wedding presents.—I tell you! We'll divide it. After all, real silver always comes in handy and we can make good use of it. We deserve some compensation for all the agony we've gone thru, tho as far as I am concerned, this hour has compensated for everything a hundred times over."

"You can have the silver," said Peter. "I don't want it."

But Rowena would not under any circumstances accept more than her proper half. She immediately set about dividing it, piece by piece, one

for her and one for Peter.

"I suppose we could sell it for old silver," he said.

"Oh, you'll put it to good use some day," said Rowena. "When you are rich and famous and have a studio apartment of your own—first thing you know you'll be giving those fast supper parties that artists are noted for—one for you, and one for me—"

"Why not keep it together in the box until the trip is over?" he asked.

"We won't be giving any fast suppers on the trip, at any rate."

"You can have the box," she said.

"I'd rather divide it if you don't mind. Then each of us will be responsible for his own share and if it is lost or stolen neither of us can blame the other.—One for you and one for me."

As a matter of fact, Rowena was already planning to pawn her share of it right there in Spokane. She had no more than glanced inside the fat letter from Buddy, but that glance sufficed to tell her that she needed money. She hoped to get enough for her share of the silver to take care of the distant demands and buy herself a new suit as well.

She was really getting shabby. Daily motoring was hard on old clothes. And how she yearned for the flattering silver fox packed away in moth-balls way back on Third Avenue!

"This really puts us in a frightful jam," said Peter. "I suppose we can bluff thru the reception and ball all right—we've had plenty of experience. But I don't see how we can dodge the bridal suite. And won't it jeopardize the annulment? Of course, I can lock myself into the sitting-room—but would anybody believe it?"

"Nobody in the world," said Rowena cheerfully. "Well, after the ball is over, you'll have to go out alone for a little walk and get lost. Then you go to some other hotel and register—don't forget to have witnesses! And stay there all night. You can meet me here again tomorrow morning. And be sure to get a receipt for your room.—Oh, Peter, don't you just adore those kissing Cupids? Have a kiss—I mean a candy."

"I think I'd rather have the kiss," said Peter boldly. "After all, a groom should be allowed to rush in where a hotel manager dared to tread."

"I'm very particular," said Rowena firmly. "And I'm developing a vast partiality for hotel managers."

His mind relieved as to how Rowena was going to take it, Peter saw some of humor in the situation and they made great sport of their predicament. They laughed over the flowery telegraphic congratulations and dispatched flippant answers collect. They called the Rackruff salesrooms by long distance telephone to thank them for the lovely thought and Mr. Rack was so pleased that he had the charges for the call reversed. They tossed a coin for the cocktail shaker which Peter won, considerably to Rowena's regret, for she was sure she could have raised enough on it to make sure of the new suit which she needed for the reception that afternoon.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

The Family DOCTOR
JOHN JOSEPH GAMES MD
PRACTICAL AIDS

I read this week in a popular medical magazine, that the people had been "fed up" on health suggestions in public print, from so many hundreds of writers—that they had become tired of it all; just such a mess of theories on diets and nutrition, and the conduct of one's self—that Mister John X. Public had about decided that there was nothing in any of it!

I am sorry of course, for such a state of mind to come about. Most every written article by a thoughtful, competent advisor is worth reading and thinking about these days. You can take the part of it that applies to you individually, and brush the rest aside.

Now, here's a practical thing: Everybody likes a good complexion; thousands—possibly millions of dollars are spent annually by our splendid American women, just for cosmetics, "skin foods," and blemish removers. Let me give you a remedy—rather rule—for keeping a good complexion.

When you leave your bed in the morning, visit the lavatory first at before you dress. Wash the face, neck and even the upper chest with warm water and mild toilet soap. There are many good brands of the latter—I emphasize a mild—not strong—soap. Use a soft, smooth towel for this part, wet with the warm, soapy agent.

After completing this act, turn on the cold water faucet and seize your rough towel. Go over the parts you have cleansed, with brisk rubbing—the glow will surprise you, after a few treatments. Don't prolong the cool friction—rather hurry, work fast. No soap.

In time this will give you the fine

GREENWOOD

(Mrs. Reva Thompson, Reporter)

Miss Irene Rosman, Miss Hazel Rosemann, Mrs. Ernest Bell, Mrs. Braack and Redmond Bell of Almond were Sunday guests of Rev. Shirley Travis.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Dennis and son, Clair of South Canisteo were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dennis Thursday.

W. G. Kellogg and D. D. Baker have returned from a business trip to Syracuse and Albany.

Mrs. Mary Cole of Hornell has been visiting Mrs. J. H. Goodno.

Sixteen members of the Epworth League enjoyed a social meeting at the home of Orlo Freeland, Monday evening.

Prin. Walter Redmond has been ill with la grippe and unable to attend to his school duties.

Miss Roberta Baker was a recent guest of Wellsville friends.

Mrs. W. G. Kellogg and daughter, Jane, spent from Wednesday until Saturday as guests of Miss Florence Groff in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Deats of Canisteo called on Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dennis, Sunday evening.

Mrs. Merritt Osmin and two daughters are spending the week with her mother, Mrs. Meldon Whiteman of Alfred Station.

Mrs. Guy Plaisted has been passing several days with her father, C. L. Crittenden in Whitesville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Tumbler of Newfane, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Hetherington of Alpine and Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hallenbeck of Erin were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dennis.

Miss Nere Deron was a recent guest of Mr. Lewis Cornell of Whitesville.

Mrs. Horton of Hornell will be the speaker at the February P. T. A. to be held Wednesday evening, February 8th.

John Williamson has returned from a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Groff of Canisteo.

Miss Ellen Young and Miss Grace Young were shopping in Hornell, Tuesday.

Mrs. Arling Cobb, Miss Grace Young, Miss Ellen Young and Mrs. Roy Scribner were among those who attended the Home Bureau meeting in Bath, Saturday.

complexion you like to have. If you are generally run down—but that is another matter—see your doctor. You don't need to BUY your skin; get it the right way. Men, quit using those hot towels at barber-shop. Try above plan.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Barnard of Bennetts-Creek are parents of a daughter, born January 28th. Mrs. Barnard was formerly Miss Marion Green.

The Andover News

Honey Is An Economy Food Says Commissioner Baldwin

Agriculture Head Calls This New York State Food Both Tasty and Healthful

Editor's Note—This article is one of a series on economy and food appearing in this paper in cooperation with the Consumers Information Service of the New York State Department of Agriculture and Markets.

By CHARLES H. BALDWIN

Commissioner, Department of Agriculture and Markets Albany, New York

At the present time, when many families find it necessary to economize in food, it is especially

important that a well balanced diet be provided. The human system has a natural craving for sweets particularly in the case of children. This, in addition to the fact that sugars provide a quick source of energy, makes the question of sweets one of importance in planning the daily diet.

While a certain amount of sweets seems necessary and desirable, health authorities agree that many ills arise from the excessive use of highly refined sugars. The present per capita consumption of refined sugars amounts to over one hundred pounds per year. Not only should the sugar consumption be reduced but much care should be used to select those sweets that are most palatable and most easily digested.

The simple sugars such as are found in ripe fruits and honey are most wholesome. Honey in particular is an excellent sweet and has a wide variety of uses.

Honey is one of the oldest sweets known to mankind and is still held in high regard because of its delicate and appetizing flavor; its wholesomeness and its high food value. In fact, honey is one of the finest foods produced by the farmers of New York State. This delicious sweet was formerly considered a luxury and was used only on royal occasions, but today it is

so inexpensive that it has become a staple article of food in many homes.

Honey in the diet serves as an energy food since it is made up largely of two sugars known as dextrose and levulose. These two sugars can be absorbed directly by the system without digestion. Thus honey has a decided advantage over most other sweets that must be broken down by the action of digestive enzymes before they can be absorbed into the blood. For this reason health authorities consider honey a superior sweet as compared with other sugars.

It also contains calcium, phosphorus and iron compounds in small amounts ready for immediate utilization. In addition to the sugars and minerals honey contains a small amount of protein and a number of other ingredients such as enzymes, the higher alcohols, aromatic bodies and other materials which enhance its value and place it in a class by itself among the sweets.

As compared with most other sweets, honey has a superior flavor, is more palatable and adds to the attractiveness of other foods because of its pleasing flavor. Honey, therefore, serves to improve the appetite and to make cheaper foods with which it is eaten more attractive. Thus honey is often more economical than other sweets even though it may cost slightly more per pound.

New York is the third largest honey producing state in the Union and is noted for the great variety, superior quality and fine flavor of its honeys. In another article soon to appear, I want to tell you more about this healthful and economical

sweet.

Match Your Fine Product

With
Finely
Printed
Advertising



No Job Too Small
and None Too Large!!

Any commercial printing that you require, from a calling card to a large, illustrated catalogue, can be made right in this shop. You will find our printing high in quality—our service prompt and satisfactory—and our prices reasonable. Call on us when you want result producing printing.

The News Printing House

J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

2000